STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #23

"TENDING SHOOTS"

by

Micah Ian Wright

Second Draft 3/30/03

Wildstorm Comics
888 Prospect Avenue
La Jolla, CA 92037

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Written by Micah Ian Wright
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PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Biggish panel. The main living room at Magnetic North. Jukko, Golovin, & Pinckney are sitting on the couches in the room, watching as Santini gives the Coltan/Africa briefing from earlier.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Magnetic North Pole, Team Achilles HeadQuarters

CAPTION
Three hours ago...

SANTINI
According to the satellite photos, there hasn’t been any activity at all in the last week. No sign of anyone, alive or dead.

SANTINI
Problem is, most satellite orbits are well plotted. A clever operator could be shutting down operations when a bird’s overhead and starting up again when the coast is clear.

SANTINI
I need ground intel and that’s where the four of you come in.

PANEL TWO

On Pickney & Golovin on the couch. The cushions behind Pinckney are dented downward. He sits at the front edge of the couch and has his arm raised.

SANTINI (OFFSCREEN)
Pinckney?

PINCKNEY
Four, sir? You mean THREE, sir.

GOLOVIN
He means FOUR. That odious Buzz Dixon thing is sitting behind you.

PANEL THREE

Same shot, but now Buzz Dixon is visible sitting on the couch where the couch cushions were all mashed in before.

CONTINUED:

In panel three, we should actually be able to see a vague shape of him (like a Predator). Pinckney is horrified and startled. Galena is calm and unpreturbed.

BUZZ DIXON
Heya, toots!

PINCKNEY
Yaah! Don’t do that!

BUZZ DIXON
Calm down, ya whiney Limey wuss. You wouldna known I was there unless yer Ruskie’d told yah. How you do that, anyway, Golovin?

GOLOVIN
You respire through your skin. It gives off a peculiar sound... like fluttering leaves.

PANEL FOUR

Santini flips the tv off. Everyone stands.

SANTINI
Everyone finished catching up? Good. Gear up, you’re leaving in ten minutes. Golovin, Pinckney, Jukko, full ghillie.

BUZZ DIXON
What about me? Should I get a ghillie suit, too?

SANTINI
Funny, funny, Buzz.

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

The humans file out. Buzz Dixon sticks to the ceiling. Santini looks upwards at him. Tefibi operates a hand-held remote, opening some Project Entry portals.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Okay, I'm ready. Next Stop, Project Entry-

BUZZ DIXON
I hate your teleporter. Why we gotta do a layover on a planet full of DEAD PEOPLE?

TEFIBI
Limitation of design. We can only punch through one dimension at a time. We punch through from HERE to a location in the Project Entry Universe near the point we're travelling to, then we punch open another portal 3 meters away from THERE back to HERE.

PANEL TWO

Buzz pushes his point, waving a flipper-hand.

BUZZ DIXON
Then your teleporter sucks rocks. The Authority can go anywhere they want in ANY dimension.

TEFIBI
Yeah, but The Authority FOUND theirs floating in space. They were LUCKY. Ours the best Teleporter human hands have ever built. We were GOOD.

BUZZ DIXON
You still fly layover.

PANEL THREE

Tefibi's getting upset, but he tries to explain it, ticking off his points of his fingers.

TEFIBI
Think of it this way: a bunch of cavemen see some Yuppies race past their campfire in a Hummer 2. Over the next year, they build a covered wagon. Great... but they're not clever enough to domesticate oxen yet, though, so they have to push it themselves.

2 CONTINUED:

TEFIBI
It’s a lot of labor and it’s not as fast as a Hummer, but they’re a Hell of a lot more mobile than the other cavemen.

PANEL FOUR

Another finger point...

TEFIBI
Most importantly, we cavemen BUILT our covered wagon from scratch, whereas those Authority Yuppies BOUGHT their Hummer and do NOT have the means to reproduce a new Hummer if they blow a rod or break an axle.

TEFIBI
And those Yuppies DESPERATELY rely on that Hummer.

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

On Santini, smiley, EVIL.

SANTINI
And you bet your ass that those Neanderthals are trying to figure out how to kill those Yuppies and steal the keys to that Hummer.

PANEL TWO

Pinkney and Golovin disappear into a portal in their funky suits. Jukko walks towards another, Buzz stands there on his back legs, scratching his head with a hind leg.

BUZZ DIXON
Can ANYONE use this universe? What's to stop THE AUTHORITY from waiting in there and ambushing us?

TEFIBI
Theoretically, but they'd have to know EXACTLY which Universe we were going to in order to calibrate THEIR teleporter properly... and there's an almost INFINITE number of EARTHS to choose from. And they'd have to know in advance WHERE we were going.

BUZZ DIXON
Gotcha.

PANEL THREE

Fully Ghillie-covered Pinkney, Golovin & a barely-draped Jukko stand in the entrance to main room.

PINCKNEY
We're ready.

JUKKO
Mine is a bit small...

SANTINI
It'll be fine... just crouch down like you're a small shrub. Remember, get in, get done and get out. I want you back here in an hour, tops.

PANEL FOUR

Buzz about to enter the portal.

3 CONTINUED:

BUZZ DIXON
Hey, I got one more question about this teleporter...

SANTINI
Sure, what’s that?

PANEL FOUR

Small panel. Buzz walks into the portal backwards.

BUZZ DIXON
How can you be so sure everyone on that planet is dead?

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Short full wide panel. Project Entry Universe, red-cast skies. Upshot. The sky is clear with small clouds in the distance and palm trees sticking up into the air.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Project Universe, The Caribbean

CAPTION
Four weeks ago...

SONNY TERNS (O.S.)
It's right over here!

PANEL TWO

Full widescreen. Pan down the palm trees to a sandy beach. On the beach is a big dead beached whale. Senator Sonny Terns stands on the beach in his swim trunks (see issue #20). He proudly points to the dead whale and smiles. The old man, Dhul Fiqar, stands by, curious, holding his nose at the smell of the dead whale.

SONNY TERNS
Taa-Daaah! Thar she is! Ain't she a beauty?

PANEL THREE

New Angle, featuring the Whale, Senator Terns and Deadhead.

DEADHEAD
Geez, that's great! You found a WHALE! Congratulations! You must feel so proud!

PANEL FOUR

Deadhead starts to walk away towards camera, disgusted, head hung low as he trudges through the sand.

SONNY TERNS
But... it's a WHALE!

DEADHEAD
It's easy to see how you got elected, Senator Terns. Your grasp of the obvious is just a smidge higher than the sheep who voted for you.

PANEL FIVE

In the distance Terns SHOUTS at Deadhead. Deadhead freezes abruptly, head upright, body stiff as it sinks in.

4 CONTINUED:

SONNY TERNS
But it’s DEAD, you goddamned DUMMY!

DEADHEAD
Oh, FUCK, yeah. What am I, some kind of RETARD?

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Large panel. Senator Terns, Deadhead and Dhul Fiqar riding the back of the big dead whale through the Atlantic Ocean under blood-red skies. They've tied a length of cord around the dead whale and hold it with both hands like they're riding a bronco. Make it an exciting pose, something like the whale leaping out of huge crashing waves with red lightning cracking down in the background and rain falling.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

C/up on Terns shouting into Deadhead's ear.

DEADHEAD
Where should I be steerin' this thing?

SONNY TERNS
Well, I THINK we're in the Carribean, so just keep heading Northwest and we'll hit America eventually!

DEADHEAD
And if we're NOT in the Carribean?

SONNY TERNS
Then we're FUCKED, Buddy Boy!

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Magnetic North medical room. Santini sits at the side of Flint's bed, reading an oversized book.

CAPTION
Ninety minutes ago...

PANEL TWO

Flint's eyes slowly open. Santini keeps reading.

FLINT
Nnnnhhhh...

SANTINI
The Zombie awakes.

PANEL THREE

Flint turns her head towards Santini and cocks an eyebrow. Santini looks at her over his book.

FLINT
"The Secrets of Jesuit Bread Making?"

SANTINI
Go ahead and sneer, but when the smell of my Jesuit pumpkin bread wafts from The Magneteer's space-age kitchen, I'll remember your mockery.

PANEL FOUR

Santini's book is on his chair. He stands by the bed, helping Flint sit up.

SANTINI
Seriously, how are you feeling?

FLINT
Like someone used my head for soccer practice. How's everyone else?

SANTINI
Good. You and Frederick took the brunt of it. He woke up an hour ago. Everyone else is good.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

Santini helps her out of bed. She’s naked. Don’t forget the shoulder scars or the incredible breasts.

FLINT
The Merovingian?

SANTINI
Downstairs in a freezer.

FLINT
What hit me?

SANTINI
The Evil Brother.

FLINT
Where’s he?

SANTINI
Downstairs in a freezer.

PANEL TWO

Flint smiles and tickles Santini’s chin.

FLINT
You planning a potluck?

PANEL THREE

On Santini, glowering, angry. He hands Flint a neatly stacked pile of clothing.

SANTINI
Some punk with delusions of godhood takes a shot at my girl, he’d better hope he can rise from the dead.

FLINT
How long have I been out?

SANTINI
Maybe six Hours.

PANEL FOUR

Flint gets dressed.

FLINT
Then you’ve still got two days eighteen before those fools rise out of their Freezers.

7 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Yeah, we'll see. Maybe we'll get lucky and we can charge Torquemada twice for the job.

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Confused Flint looks down at what she's wearing... her military togs.

FLINT
Why am I wearing fighting gear?

SANTINI
We're operational.

PANEL TWO

She's outraged. Santini smirks.

FLINT
Already? Don't you sleep?

SANTINI
Not for six hour stretches during the day.

PANEL THREE

Flint rubs her stomach.

FLINT
I'm hungry. Feed me.

SANTINI
Sleep all day, Eat all day. Are you a woman or a cat?

PANEL FOUR

Flint grabs Santini by his shirt and lifts him up to her height.

FLINT
You forgot "fuck all night."

SANTINI
And you forgot "Wail loudly while doing so and wake everyone in the neighborhood up."

FLINT
I don't hear you complaining...

PANEL FIVE

Small panel. They kiss.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

The dead whale gently swims up the Chesapeake Bay.

CAPTION
Three weeks ago...

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Project Entry Universe, Chesapeake Bay

PANEL TWO

Close on Deadhead, & Terns. Dhul Fiqar stares at the wonders around him, amused like only a simpleton can ever be.

SONNY TERNS
Okay, that’s DEFINITELY Point Lookout State Park up ahead. Bear left and we’ll be in Washinton D.C. in two shakes of a lamb’s tail.

DEADHEAD
What are we gonna do when we get there? It’s not like you’re a Senator here, y’know?

PANEL THREE

Terns smiles, evil.

SONNY TERNS
Don’t you worry about that none, boy... Uncle Sam takes care of his own, whether it’s our world or not.

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

A futuristic Medical Bay, cold sterile, alien. Glass, chrome, steel. A plastic tent is over a bed. Hoses lead from the tent to oxygen tanks next to the bed.

CAPTION
Three weeks ago...

PANEL TWO

Closer on the bed. Beneath the plastic tent is a shadowed figure. The body is strong and muscular, but the face is hidden by the tent. This is BARON CHAOS, without his armor or mask.

Outside the tent stands THE ENGINEER. She examines a computer tablet which is attached to the bed by a coiled cord.

ENGINEER
He’s stable. According to his chart, he awoke briefly a few minutes ago. I thought he’d still be awake.

PANEL THREE

JACK HAWKSMOOR leans down over the tent, staring at the occupant.

HAWKSMOOR
Any chance he could be faking being asleep?

ENGINEER
No way. To fool the machines, he’d have to be a total master of his EKG, heartbeat and Circadian Rhythms.

PANEL FOUR

Small inset panel. Close Up on a scarred 80%-closed eye.

ENGINEER (O.S.)
It’s just not possible for a human.

PANEL FIVE

Wide, thin... Baron Chaos’ Point of View. The panel should be mostly black with a thin ellipses in the center representing the patient’s half-lidded eyes view of the ceiling and Hawksmoor’s face leaning into frame.

HAWKSMOOR
That’s too bad. I was hoping to question him about StormWatch. Find out why they were torturing him, maybe get a lead on them.

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

The Engineer hangs up the tablet.

ENGINEER
I hate to be a pill, but have you considered the idea that maybe he DESERVED to be tortured?

HAWKSMOOR
Why do you always defend these people? They're monsters.

PANEL TWO

The two of them walk out of the room, arguing.

ENGINEER
If Team Achilles are such monsters, why didn't they kill us both in Chechnya when they had a chance?

HAWKSMOOR
Look what they did to YOU three weeks ago!

PANEL THREE

C/U on the eyes of the patient, wide open and staring.

ENGINEER (O.S.)
(small font as they receed into the distance)
AFTER Midnighter immediately engaged with Deadly Force!

HAWKSMOOR (O.S.)
(small font)
Which they started when they blew up their U.N. Headquarters with Midnighter inside!

PANEL FOUR

The patient's hand grab the medical tablet off the side of the bed and pull it under the tent.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

The patient presses buttons on the pad. We still don't see his face.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

The Engineer looks up suddenly, an odd look on her face.

HAWKSMOOR
What?

ENGINEER
Weird... for a second the readings looked like he was awake... No, never mind, the computer says he's asleep again. You want to go wake him?

HAWKSMOOR
Let him sleep, I guess. I want him lucid when we talk.

PANEL TWO

xBack in the medical bay. The bed is empty, the wires formerly attached to Baron Chaos are plugged into the medical pad which has been stripped open down to its computer components. Medical clamps hold the wires to specific computer components. The pad now shows an EKG and heartbeat rhythm for Chaos even though he's not attached to it.

HAWKSMOOR (CAPTION)
The computers will tell us when he's awake and we'll talk to him then.

PANEL THREE

Bedsheet wrapped around him like a small toga, Baron Chaos (from behind, hiding his face, but the back of his head is covered with scars & burns) staggers towards a metal wall.

HAWKSMOOR (CAPTION)
Besides, even if he wakes up, where's he going to go?

PANEL FOUR

Inset panel. Baron Chaos presses a button on the wall.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

The wall slides up, revealing a glass porthole and beyond, stars and bleedspace.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

Money shot of THE CARRIER sailing through the Bleed.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
The Carrier, Surfing the Edge of the Infinite Bleed

PANEL TWO

Baron Chaos stares out at the Bleed. Shot from behind, his face is shadowed, but the reflection of his eyes gleams back at us from amongst the stars.

BARON CHAOS
The FOOLS think bringing me aboard their insignificant spaceship can stop BARON CHAOS? I will rend their to scrap metal during my glorious escape and any who oppose me shall beg for death ere I-

RED CROSS WORKER
THERE YOU ARE!

PANEL THREE

A cute, perky teenaged Red Cross worker stands there in front of The Baron in a short white nurse's skirt and a white hat with a red cross on it. She looks at a clipboard

RED CROSS WORKER
I swear to Gosh, you people are drivin' me crazy! Just about forty of y'all have skeedaddled right out of the medical bays!

BARON CHAOS
Eh? What Effrontery is this?

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

The Baron puts his hand up over his face.

BARON CHAOS
No! Do not look upon my hideous visage! It is FORBIDDEN!

RED CROSS WORKER
Aww, I seen a lot worse than you, Mister! You poor Floridians really got hammered!

BARON CHAOS
Eh? Florida? WHAT are you BABBLING about, Child?

PANEL TWO

The girl looks at her clipboard.

RED CROSS WORKER
Oh, you must be one of the AMNESIACS! Okay, real short: Yer house got blowed up by evil Aliens and THE AUTHORITY took all y'all what was real serious injured here to their giant spaceship to fix y'all.

RED CROSS WORKER
And now you're due for relocation! So let's get goin'!

PANEL THREE

The girl grabs Chaos' hand and drags him down the hallway.

BARON CHAOS
Unhand me, CHURL!

RED CROSS WORKER
Don't be like that! We gotta hurry up and get some clothes on you or you're going to miss the teleport back to Earth!

PANEL FOUR

The Baron proudly strides forth with the girl.

BARON CHAOS
Teleport back to Earth?! Why, Yes, I shall accompany you to obtain clothing and transport, Girl!

14 CONTINUED:

RED CROSS WORKER
Oh, there ain’t no need to be strangers! You can call me Mandy!

BARON CHAOS
And you may call me... Kemény.

RED CROSS WORKER
That’s a nice name. See, you catch more flies with honey than you do vinegar!

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Surface street, New York City. Baron Chaos steps out of an Authority door with Mandy. He's dressed in baggy jeans, an Abercrombie & Fitch t-shirt and Adidas high-tops. Brown gauze bandages are wrapped around his head, leaving only his eyes and mouth showing. Above the gauze, he wears a baseball hat. Mandy hands him a wallet, money and a set of keys.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
New York City, Upper West Side

MANDY
Okay, here's your new ID with your new name on it, three thousand dollars and the keys to your new apartment that THE AUTHORITY's relocation service rented for you.

PANEL TWO

Chaos strikes a Jack Kirby villain pose, his arm upthrust into the sky, fingers curled as if squeezing an orange, one foot atop a fire plug.

BARON CHAOS
Mandy, thou hast freed me from the bosom of my enemies. When I wreak my Havok upon the West, you shall be among the faithful few who are spared!

MANDY
Right back at you, Kenny!

BARON CHAOS
Kemény.

MANDY
Sure thing! Make sure you call me if you need somethin, sweetie! Bye now!

PANEL THREE

Mandy disappears into the Authority door. Baron Chaos stands with his hands on his hips, looking upwards at a large iron gate. Next to the gate is a sign which reads:

SIGN
Romanian Embassy

PANEL FOUR

Baron Chaos in his idiotic getup stands at the gate. A vicious thug of a guard stands at the gate behind the fence.

15 CONTINUED:

GUARD
Go away. Embassy closed.

BARON CHAOS
I need to see the Ambassador.

GUARD
Embassy closed. Ambassador mourning. President dead. Vice President Zsigmond disappear. Go away.

PANEL FIVE

Baron Chaos wiggles his fingers in a Dr. Strange-like manner and the guard's eyes roll up into his head and he paws at his throat.

GUARD
Urrrrkkkhhukkukk!

BARON CHAOS
Admit me, fool, for I am Baron Kemény Zsigmond von Chaos, your Leige and Ruler!

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Baron Chaos angrily pushes through the front door of the Embassy. Two more dead guards litter the sidewalk behind him. An evil looking old man (kind of a sinister version of Albert Einstein) stands before him, holding an oversized Jack Kirby Raygun Pistol.

KRAVIN
Hold your ground, murderer, or you will die!

BARON CHAOS
Do not be a fool, Kravin... it is I...

PANEL TWO

Chaos strikes an awesome villain pose. The old man falls to one knee, head bowed, gun lowered.

BARON CHAOS
BARON CHAOS!

KRAVIN
Forgive me, my liege, I did not recognize you in your unusual raiment. It pleasures my to see you alive...we had feared you dead at the hands of Team Achilles.

PANEL THREE

Camera behind Chaos as he strides down the hallway, stripping himself of the teenager clothes he was wearing. Maids scurry behind them to clean up.

BARON CHAOS
No... they tried their best, but I LIVED! In my weakened state, I was captured by The Authority and taken for interrogation.

BARON CHAOS
I escaped. Unaided, of course. Their bafflement was magnificent. I shall return someday to destroy them.

KRAVIN
Excellent, my liege. I have prayed for your return. Your spare suit of armor awaits in your laboratory, per your instructions.

PANEL FOUR

The old man stands behind the naked Baron Chaos as he puts on his armor in his crazy mad scientist laboratory. Each piece of the armor hovers in mid-air with nothing supporting it.

16 CONTINUED:

Again, we NEVER see the Baron's face, EVER. It's always turned away from us or in shadow.

BARON CHAOS
This is what I needed to feel whole, Kravin! I must begin immediately to upgrade my battle suit, though... I fear I was overcome far too easily by Team Achilles.

BARON CHAOS
I want to be more than ready for them the next time we meet. And we WILL meet again...

PANEL FIVE

C/U on the Baron's face & helmet.

BARON CHAOS
SO SWEARS BARON CHAOS!

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Huge panel. Back in Project Entry Universe Washington D.C. The wreckage of the Washington Monument. Bunches of undead zombies in lawyer suits tote huge marble rocks around on their backs, clearing away the base of the Monument. Others pull at giant pieces of white marble with ropes. In the foreground, Deadhead and Sonny Terns stand looking at the scene. Dhul Fiqar sits on a block and smiles nearby.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Washington D.C. - Project Entry Universe

CAPTION
Two weeks ago...

SONNY TERNS
At this rate, these dead boys of yers should have the entrance to the Washington Monument cleared away in no time.

DEADHEAD
The hell are we looking for in there anyway? It’s a little late for taking pictures, isn’t it?

SONNY TERNS
Look, you home-grown terrorist sumbitch, the Monument in OUR universe went up Five Hunnert Fifty Five feet... stands to reason that this one did to. But Five Hunnert Fitty-five feet BENEATH it, there was a secret rescue bunker for members of Congress and the White House.

DEADHEAD
Gotcha. And inside we’re gonna find, what? The President of this dead ass world?

SONNY TERNS
Maybe. And just maybe somethin’ special that our planet had and theirs might just have also...

DEADHEAD
Okay, one of the zombies found an elevator shaft. Let’s go check it out.

PANEL TWO

Closer to the monument. The rocks & rubble has been cleared away. There is an elevator shaft going down down down into blackness.

17 CONTINUED:

SONNY TERNS
Shit, the elevator's at the bottom and the call button up here's all fucked up! I got lumbago! I can't climb down that far on no ladder!

PANEL THREE

Small panel. A dead congressman staggers over to the hole...

DEADHEAD
That's cool... I'll just send a zombie down to bring it up.

PANEL FOUR

Small panel. And falls in...

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Small panel. They wait by the dark hole, listening.

SOUND E/FX
(small)
Thoooonnnngggg

DEADHEAD
He just hit bottom. I'll have him bring up the elevator and we'll be down there in no time.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

The Senator, Dhul Fiqar and Deadhead stare out the open doors of an elevator into a giant high-tech room.

SONNY TERNS
YES! It's just like it was back home!

DEADHEAD
What is this place?

SONNY TERNS
The Underground White House. Fifty-five hundred feet down, boy. This is where the Presient would conduct a Nyoo-Kyu-Lur war if it came down to it.

DEADHEAD
So your ultimate secret plan is to bomb a dead Russia? Pathetic.

PANEL TWO

Sonny Terns moves over to a machine and starts flipping switches and dials.

SONNY TERNS
Lessee, I watched them do this enough that I should be able to...THERE! Got it!

DEADHEAD
What IS it?

SONNY TERNS
Some kind of interuniversal wormhole spycam. We discovered that they were spying on US with the same technology. So we sent in a superman name'a DEVIL to Kill Them.

PANEL THREE

Deadhead points at Terns.

DEADHEAD
YOU killed all these people? What kind of sick fuck are you?

SONNY TERNS
The kind that sees an imminent threat and stomps it first. Now shut up and listen... This here interdimensional radio doohickey should let me send a radio signal to some of yer terrorist chums back on OUR Earth...

18 CONTINUED:

DEADHEAD
And what are they supposed to do?

PANEL FOUR

Small panel. On Terns, smiling.

SONNY TERNS
Hopefully they'll work together with a friend of mine.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Baron Chaos rubs his chin.

CAPTION
Thirteen days ago...

BARON CHAOS
Fascinating. And this universe... YOU can access it... Jumpmaster?

PANEL TWO

Opposite angle. Standing before Baron Chaos is JUMPMASTER, Citizen Soldier's teleporter. He's dressed in the uniform of Citizen Soldier's suiciders, but with a huge red star in the center of his green shirt. He has a blonde crewcut and a big shit-eating grin.

JUMPMASTER
Hell, man, I can teleport just about anything anywhere, but I gotta know where I'm goin' first, ya know?

JUMPMASTER
Shit Damn, I'd love to go get Deadhead and put back together the band with Citizen Soldier, but it's a little outta my experience tryin' ta find them out there amongst the mid-dimensional subspace doowhatzit, get me?

PANEL THREE

Jumpmaster slaps his fist into his other open palm.

JUMPMASTER
But if YOU can provide me with Jump Co-Ordinates, I can go right to them. AND to these motherfuckers from Team Achilles. Pop in on those shitsuckers and get us some Payback, good buddy!

PANEL FOUR

Baron Chaos stands, hands clasped behind his back, he looks out an open window onto a courtyard beyond.

BARON CHAOS
I will help you. First, though, We need an incisive plan which plays upon Santini's most mawkish and populist urges... And I know just the people to threaten to bring him running.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Two blue stormwatch teleport circles glow in the red of Project Entry, behind a batch of thick African forest. Pinckney & Golovin step out of the portals in their ghillie suits.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
The Congo, Project Entry Universe

CAPTION
Three hours ago...

GOLOVIN
Tefibi, you ass, there is no exit portal!

PINCKNEY
Sssst!

PANEL TWO

Golovin glances at Pinckney. With one hand he has his rifle pointed into the distance, but UPSIDE DOWN, with the bottom of the gun facing upwards, the sights pointed towards the ground. (this means “Enemy Ahead”)

He flattens his left hand and pushes it towards the ground. Golovin nods and begins to kneel.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

The two soldiers are flat on the ground next to one another, facing the same direction. Pinckney points to his eyes with his first two fingers...

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

And then holds up 4 fingers...

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

And then points two fingers towards Galena. She nods.

NO DIALOG

20 CONTINUED:

PANEL SIX

Pull way up and shoot downwards n the the two ghillie suited soldiers crawling forward into the forest in front of them, almost invisible to the human eye.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Two blue project entry portals open up at the top of a hill. Jukko and Buzz Dixon step out of them. Jukko's skin is fully camouflaged and he wears his too-small Ghillie suit.

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Hey, Scarface, can you hear me thinkin' at you?

JUKKO (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Yes. Can you understand me?

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Barely. Your power is futzing with my ability to pick up what you're saying. What's up?

JUKKO (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Something is vitally wrong. There is no exit portal for us. We should conceal ourselves.

PANEL TWO

Jukko hunches down like a bush, eyes closed, expression blank.

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Yeah, that's gonna fool alotta people. "Hey, what's that huge man-shaped bush doing? I don't know, let's just ignore it!"

BUZZ DIXON
Speaking of, you feeling anything?

PANEL THREE

Jukko's eyes open in his camouflaged face. He stares at Buzz in an ominous way.

JUKKO (THOUGHT CAPTION)
I am trying to concentrate.

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Oooh, sorry.

PANEL FOUR

Jukko points over the top of the hill.

JUKKO (THOUGHT CAPTION)
I feel two people over that hill. They are flat on their stomachs in the dirt and are very uncomfortable.

21 CONTINUED:

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Must be part of the mercenary team Hallibusker Oil sent in. Let’s go find out if they got some idea what’s going on here.

JUKKO (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Agreed.

PANEL FIVE

The two StormWatchers move towards the crest of the hill, Jukko crouch-walking in his too-small bush suit, Buzz in “Predator-Mode” behind him.

NO DIALOG

PANEL SIX

Jukko crests the hill, the almost-invisible Buzz right behind him.

JUKKO (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Buzz, RUN!

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Why? Wuzzup?

PAGE 22

FULL-PAGE PICTURE

Over-the-shoulder shot from Jukko's Perspective looking downwards at the other side of the hill.

Deadhead stands there with an ARMY of Dead Bodies, including five dead Hallibusker Oil Commandos (they look like normal spec ops soldiers with huge Red H's on their shoulders instead of unit insignias), all pointing guns at Jukko.

Five zombies are sitting atop Pinckney & Galena. Their mouths are duct-taped shut, eyes bulging.

DEADHEAD
Hey there, buddy! I been waiting for you to show up! Now... Where's Ben Santini?

Down at the bottom of the panel is the slithery outline of Buzz Dixon. Next to his outline is a thought caption from him.

BUZZ DIXON (THOUGHT CAPTION)
Okay, WHOSE brilliant fucking idea was it to strand this cocksucker on a world FILLED with dead people?

CAPTION
To Be Continued!